

THE  
COURT  
AT  
KENSINGTON:  
A  
POEM

ON THE  
*Most Celebrated* BEAUTIES *there.*

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THE  
C O U R T  
A T  
K E N S I N G T O N.

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**G**ive me a Genius fill'd with soft Delight,  
Of Beaut'ous Forms, blest Images of Light;  
Teach me, *Apollo*, some harmonious Song,  
And with thy Heav'nly Lays Inspire my Tongue;  
To the dark Shades of Night let Satyr fly,  
Nor once approach the Lustre of the Beamy Sky;  
But with strict Guard watch o'er my erring Pen,  
Conduct me thro' the winding Maze of Things and Men;  
Inform my Reason in the Lab'rins of the Great,  
And let my Muse discern her Duty in the State:  
Freed from the noxious Fumes that Wine procure,  
And tempted by those Charms that are more pure,  
I to *Britania's* Court direct my way,  
Urg'd by Desire to go, by Beauty to obey.

Behold

Behold the happy Monarch from his Throne ↓  
 Not under the Fatigues and Pressures of a Crown,  
 But far more Blest and Glorious does appear,  
 His Guard, a Train of Noble Beauties near,  
 That gild with Radiant Light the Northern Hemisphere.  
 So Awful, so Majestick *WILLIAM* stood,  
 Form'd like a Man, with all the Lustre of a God,  
 Unequall'd Great, beyond example Good!  
 His ev'ry Smile fresh Beams of Joy dispence.  
 Whilst all the Beaut'ous Crowd confess its Influence;  
 An Universal Soul of Love sits on His Brow,  
 Which kindly does thro' all the Mechanism flow;  
 Softness of Nature in the Depth of Thought,  
 The God join'd with the Man so interwrought;  
 Business and Pleasure both in him agree,  
 And make the most delightful Harmony.  
 Yet still unshaken does the Hero Reign,  
 Midst all the Glories of his Pompous Train;  
 With equal ballance judging ev'ry Sport,  
 A very Stoick in the Revels of a Court.  
 But tell my Muse how innocence Delights,  
 And how 'tis exemplary Majesty invites;  
 How when the Awful Monarch moves along,  
 How pleasingly appears the Charming Throng:  
 And what blest Scene can more delight the Fair,  
 Than smiling Majesty when Regent there:



Like *Phæbus* darting Splendour from His Eyes, d blin and  
 Whose piercing Beams quick as the Lightning flies, M and T  
 Nor do they dazle less than they amaze,  
 All who with Awe and Admiration gaze: Go on my Muse,  
 Yet still with Pleasure view the Royal Man, Declare Miracles  
 Who bears more Glory than all other Mortals can, Bound o  
 Replete with Majesty and a Seraphick Mind, A larger Charac  
 With Mildness and Eternal Goodness kind, Who conscious  
 Kind as a Monarch to his Subjects dear, His sweetest Goodness  
 And as a Heroe merciful in War, glorious Examples which  
 Not as a Courtier false, but as a Friend sincere, their Lustre  
 Prudently wise, not Crafty in the State, How much engaging  
 Nor yet so vain to trust precarious Fate, Enrich'd with such  
 Sov'reign Commander o'er His own vast Will, And with his  
 Slow to Revenge, and sure to act no Ill, When Innocence  
 Tho' Press'd with anxious Cares, yet to the Fair, But when facin  
 Obliging, Affable, all Debonair, She clasps her modest  
 With chearful Innocence nobly gay, I a lost in such a  
 To Beauties shrine does some Oblations pay, Where the vast  
 And squanders a few Hours of Care away, Would beyond  
 Pleasure sits light without, whilst still within, And view what  
 Somewhat Divine appears more than the King: With what  
 Like th'upper Regions of refined Air, Bless with those Graces  
 B'ove Storms and Tempests still serene and clear, And doubtl  
 Whilst plac'd below his Subjects, blest their Fate, The Happ  
 And own Him eminently Good as Great, Born to be Great  
 In Justice Rules not wanting, nor Severe, For the World  
 No ways Intemperate, nor yet Austere:

Born mild by Nature, but by Art improv'd,  
The Mystery whereby he's fear'd and lov'd.

Go on my Muse, next to *Illustrious Jove*,  
Declare *Minerva* Reigns the Queen of Love;  
Bount'ous *Minerva*, whose true Merits claim,  
A larger Character from busie Fame;  
Who conscious of her Guilt, yet dare not hide  
Th' attested Goodness which her Actions guide.  
Glorious Examples which to Vertue give,  
Their Lustre and Rewards whereby they live;  
How much engaging then must Beauty be,  
Enrich'd with such a gracious Deity;  
And with what Pleasure must Mankind adore,  
When Innocence and Vertue have their native Pow'r:  
But when such Excellence Commands my Muse;  
She claps her modest Wings, but can't refuse  
To soar in such a bright exalted Sky,  
Where the vast Height compels her on to fly;  
Forc'd beyond her own Altitude to rise,  
And view what dazles still her wond'ring Eyes:  
With what Cœlestial Fire does Royalty appear;  
Blest with those Graces that Adorn the Fair,  
And doubly blest *Minerva* is beyond compare,  
The Happy Parent of th' *Illustrious Heir*!  
Born to be Great, and by example Bred;  
Fit for the World's Dictator and *Britannia's* Head.

In Virtue's Schools He first learns to obey,  
 And then by Honour's Laws how Scepters he may sway;  
 Pregnant in Wit, his eallow Years advance,  
 Nor fears the Infant Hero yet the temper'd Lance,  
 Or His Competitor for Empire *Burgundy* of *France*.  
 So like our Pious Chief He Virtue's Laws approves,  
 And what the common Youth declines, he loves:  
 Heroick Actions claim his chief delight,  
 Yet Softness guides and melts the Hero quite;  
 Beauty so tenderly has touch'd him ev'ry where,  
 The God has task'd himself to make a Pair,  
 And show a Heroine equally as Fair.  
 Ten thousand Graces in his Actions lyes,  
 And twice Ten thousand wanton in his Eyes;  
 Whilst ev'ry Charm creates a secret Joy,  
 A *Venus's* self had dress'd the Artful Boy:  
 Such was *Ascanius*, when in *Aeneas* Name,  
 He kindl'd *Dido's* Breast with Love's soft Flame,  
 Such happy Passions from his Nature flow,  
 As gen'rous Virtue do innately show:  
 A Noble Soul, free from all Courtly Vice,  
 Easie, Sincere, and void of Artifice;  
 Yet pleasant, gay, with Gen'rous Freedom blest,  
 Whilst Reasons, Laws, are gravely on his Mind imprest.

But on, my trifling Muse, lest here thou seem,  
 T'abuse with thy unskilful Hand this noble Theme,



Yet still with sacred Awe approach that Shrine,  
 Where such a Gallaxie of Beauties shine;  
 Where Virtue, Modesty and improv'd Wit,  
 Do in the presence of bright Honour sit:  
 Where Pleasure can no wanton Charms bestow,  
 But such as from delightful Innocence do flow;  
 And such pure Thoughts as Virgin Hearts may know:  
 Free from the Faults of fashionable Vice,  
 Yet easie Virtue, not formal or precise:  
 So Beauty from its innocence true Lustre gains,  
 And tho' once fetter'd by Inglorious Chains,  
 Now absolute, it like a Monarch Reigns.  
 Reason has once again possess'd her place,  
 And banish'd Folly from the beaut'ous Race:  
 'Tis Vision all, and shuns Diviner Light,  
 For Shades must vanish where they shine so bright.  
 Pure flames of Love consume the dull desires,  
 And melt away the Dross by more Coelestial fires.  
 Hence the fair Sex like Goddesses appear,  
 Whilst Reason for their guide—————  
 Strict Virtue they as for a Garment wear,  
 Mankind their Prefence do with Awe revere:  
 Whilst Art their modest Excellence displays,  
 And Nature shows it self a Thousand ways.  
 So O----ds graceful Mean attracts all Eyes,  
 And Nature needs not ask from Art supplies;  
 An Air of Grandeur shines thro' ev'ry part,  
 And in her beaut'ous Form is plac'd the noblest Heart:



In vain Mankind adore, unless she were  
 By Heaven made less Virt'ous or less Fair.  
 B---y's bright Charms infuses soft Delight,  
 And like *Prometheus* raises Fire at sight;  
 Such Goodness dwells within her heavenly Breast,  
 As cannot be but by her self express'd:  
 No other human Medium can suffice,  
 T'express th' Ideas of her beauteous Eyes.  
 Such Airs has R---gh to engage Mankind,  
 The God no equal to her Charms can find.  
 Soft sounds of Harmony run thro' her Soul,  
 And nought but Musick's voice dare there controul:  
 By gentle whispers Reason does take place,  
 And Beauty plays the Tyrane in her Face.  
 G-----n has Beauty and a modest Air,  
 Like Angels when in Human shapes they appear,  
 Delude us Mortals but resemble her,  
 Like hers their matchless Faces look divine,  
 Light shines without, all Goodness dwells within.  
 Whilst C---l's shape pursues th' admirer home,  
 And animates the Flame where she does come;  
 Nor can there be less Beauty reigning there,  
 Where no Complexion is more amiably fair.  
 The Graces all on S-----t attend,  
 And Beauty does to Virtue still fresh Honour send;  
 The charming Sex are pleas'd to yield to her,  
 That's with the Highest, Noble, Rich and Fair.

Effential Ornaments that vest the Great,  
 And which did ever on the P---ys wait;  
 Not in meer Pageantry and publick Show,  
 But in such Actions as from Virtue flow:  
 No servile Greatness does from hence appear,  
 But truest Honour spreads its Influence here,  
 Nor does the sacred marks of Goodness shine,  
 In R-----d's Face less Glorious or Divine,  
 Graceful her meen is wrought in ev'ry turn,  
 Charming her Air and elegant her Form:  
 Thus moves the Machine in her lofty Sphere,  
 Too humble to be proud, too high to fear.  
 So C-----lls bloom, prides more than Art can grace,  
 Whilst Heaven's Brightness glitters in her Face;  
 Looks like the blushing Morn her Image bears,  
 And winning modesty her Nature wears;  
 Gentle to all, obsequious to the Great;  
 By Virtues Rules her Bosom does dilate.  
 But V-----r's Airs a cheerful Soul does raise,  
 And elevates my Muse to sing her Praise;  
 Sometimes her lovely Eyelids does depress,  
 A strange becoming pensive heaviness:  
 Yet still the same engaging happy Face,  
 Has always some new turns, ————  
 Something that adds a more peculiar Grace,  
 W-----lg——ve has Wit and Shape, and irresistible Airs,  
 Has Dress engaging, void of Artful Cares:

With

With such a mien she moves with such a grace;  
 'Tis difficult for human Wit t'express,  
 Which pleases most, her Looks her Shape, her Dress:  
 Nor must we undistinguish'd pass by Sp——r's mien,  
 Sp——r the beaut'ous Portrait of the *Paphian* Queen.  
 Blest Soul of Love and Beauties glorious Sun,  
 Whose universal Beams on all Mankind have shone;  
 Whilst under their kind Influence still we hope in vain,  
 The Sexes Guardian Angels Virtue does maintain.  
 So B——ng—— in the God's peculiar Care,  
 Is not less Good and Virtuous than she's Fair;  
 Becoming Airs from her Indulgence grow,  
 And shining Virtues her true Honour show:  
 Mildness of Nature in each Feature's dress,  
 And nought but softness dwells within her Breast:  
 In ev'ry line of her unblemish'd Face,  
 Are lodg'd the Characters of her Angelic Race;  
 But whilst each Beauty on an equal claim,  
 More than my Muse dare vaunt upon Fame:  
 Endless in Numbers round the Circle prove,  
 To trace these beaut'ous Images of Love:  
 How L——e's Complexion, and how H——d's Smile,  
 Grace the Fame of Albions happy Isle:  
 So L——d——d's killing Eyes, and B——n's Air,  
 Oblige Mankind to own 'em Heavenly Fair.  
 Gran——m, M——k——n, S——le, all their Charms dispence,  
 Whilst R——ll adds her Pow'rs of Eloquence,  
 And C——ven——sb supplies the World with Sense.



The Beauties that from *B—d—'s* Eyes do stray,  
 Diffuse their Charms as Orient light the day;  
 And *V—re* deserves more than the World can pay.  
*Rob—ts* and *D—g—y* with the brightest Beauties shine,  
 And *F—ld—g's* Goodness makes her form Divine.  
 Give *C—ter—t* Wit, still *P—g—t* will have sense,  
 And *R—te—ffe* ore Mankind a killing Influence.  
*W—d—m* and *B—rt—e* both exactly Good,  
 As in their Virtuous Actions in their Blood.  
*G—y*, *M—yn—d*, *S—dn—y*, *F—rm—r*, all appear,  
 The same by Art what they by Nature are;  
 Lovely and Bright as unmixt Honour shines,  
 That rises not by proud or servile Arts declines.  
 Such blooming Beauty adds a Heavenly Grace,  
 To *J—ffr—ys* smiling look, and *Th—p—'s* Face,  
 As cannot be but by that Grace exprest,  
 In *P—l—t's* mien, and *T—lb—r's* noble Breast;  
 Real Perfections which in both these live,  
 Beyond what little Arts of Flattery can give:  
 Untainted Honours from their Virtue flow,  
 And the true Marks of their Distinction show.  
 But was I *Paris*, I could not declare  
 Which is most Noble, Virtuous or most Fair;  
 So equal Beauty, Virtue, Honour is bestow'd,  
 No one can here be call'd more Beaut'ous or less Good.

F I N I S.



